

## MILL POINT.

Miss Etta Smith is visiting at J. B. Pyles'.

Miss Grace Wade has been visiting at I. B. Smith's.

Miss Maud Smith has been visiting her sister, Mrs Bessie Shafer.

Frank Moore went to Marlinton on Monday, and W. H. Shafea on Tuesday.

The protracted meeting at Marvin, conducted by Rev Dills, seems to be doing much good.

The Gypsy camp is near the church, and the Gypsies seem to enjoy the music and motions of Christians very much.

There is no doubt that men are created for the accomplishment of some good in the world, but the calling cannot be read from the heart of the hand. There is a science called astrology that will show to a man the exact calling or occupation for him, and no man can have genuine success unless he follows the pursuit he is made for. Mill Point now has a Professor in Astrology.

The camp of Gypsies now at Marvin is without a doubt the largest ever in the county. They are now preparing to leave, but for the last two weeks things have been kept stirring on their account such as horse trading, horse racing and fortune telling. The Gypsy mode of fortune telling is nothing more nor less than a sort of mind reading, accompanied by an acquaintance with human nature. By continual practice the Gypsy can with some accuracy tell with some accuracy their passions and desires, by simply glancing at the open countenance.

HOME FOR SALE:—9 acres of land; good new house and other necessary buildings. Situated on public road, one mile from post office.

Apply to

MRS BESSIE SHAFER.

Mill Point, W. Va.

### The Proportions.

It is a rule, somewhat severe,  
But true as Deuteronomy;  
There's just one month of Christmas cheer,  
And eleven of economy.  
—Washington Star.

### Quarterly Meetings.

Pendleton, Judy Church, December 3, 4; Highland, Fair View, Dec. 10, 11; Edray, Dec. 17, 18; Ronceverte, Mt Sidney, Dec. 31, January 1; Monroe, Central, January 7, 8; Greenbrier, McMillion, 21, 22; Paint Bank, Maple Grove, 28, 29; Rich Patch, Alleghany Station, Feb. 4, 5; Augusta, Sherando, Feb. 11, 12; Blue Sulphur, Hills Chapel, February 25, 26; Forest Hill, Potertown, March 11, 12.

D. C. HEDRICK. P. M.



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I would recall their first perfume  
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When fields lie barren without,  
and bitter frosts are come,  
Bid me not hear the winds of doubt  
that with the darkness roam.  
When hours grow dim and gray,  
and the song of the years is sung  
Leave me the thrill of the dawn-  
ing day in a heart that is young,  
is young!  
Tho hope be a blossom whirled,  
and time doth pillage and win,  
Let me hearken the pulse of the  
world, and learn of the truth  
therein.  
Ay, tho my dreams shall pale while  
night but an ember lures,  
Let me believe, tho its light shall  
fail, that love, that love endures!  
—The Bookman.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.  
Memorabilia of Huntersville and  
Organization of the County.

PART III.  
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Magruder, from Maryland; J. W.  
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When Mr Harris left Hunters-  
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as to what was going on in the  
world. He tried to do good when  
opportunities permitted, though  
expecting any year might be the  
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dine with Dr Witt by a mutual  
friend, and was thus able to make  
his acquaintance. The venerable  
man had not forgotten about the  
dance and mentioned the Poages  
and the Callisons as persons he  
well remembered. Dr Witt was  
quite independent, even wealthy,  
and spent his old age in a charm-  
ing country home in the limits of  
the grand congregation he had  
gathered in a pastorate of nearly  
thirty years duration. S. B. Witt,  
Jr., the eminent Richmond lawyer,  
is his son.  
For many years religious services  
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and the rhymes he wrote upon the  
walls would have made a genteel  
dog blush if he could have made  
them out. This genius evidently  
had no good feeling for a charac-  
ter he called "Mudwall Jackson,"  
and it is a compliment to that of-  
ficer to have had the ill will of such  
a rhymster.  
In the early summer of 1865 the  
Rev M. D. Dunlap and W. T. Price  
were engaged in the first sacramen-  
tal meeting held after the war. A  
detachment of Federal troops from  
Buckhannon passed through the  
town, rode around the church,  
looked in at the broken windows,  
examined the horses with critical  
eyes, and religious services were  
going on all the while without even  
pausing. Sermon and sacramen-  
tal services over, Mr Dunlap,  
who had rode in from the country  
that morning and hitched his horse  
near the church, went to get his  
horse and found it had been taken  
away as a "branded horse." In  
some previous raid this had been  
left to die, somehow it had come  
into Mr Dunlap's possession, and  
put in excellent condition by kind  
and careful treatment. The vener-  
able preacher had to return to his  
home at Hillsboro on a borrowed  
horse.  
Ten or eleven years since the  
Methodist church was built on its  
present site, and so for the present  
the town is well provided with fa-  
cilities for public worship.  
Three or four years ago the Ma-  
sonic Fraternity of Pocahontas  
County, represented by the Hun-  
tersville Lodge, having in its pale  
many of the foremost citizens of  
the county, needed a lodge room.  
Arrangements mutually satisfactory  
were made with the trusteeship  
of the Presbyterian church, and  
the building was enlarged and re-  
novated in a very attractive style.  
The upper rooms assigned for the  
Lodge, and the lower for preaching

services.  
These memorabilia of Hunters-  
ville will now be brought to a con-  
clusion. These papers must be re-  
garded as tentative efforts to awak-  
en interest in local history, call out  
additional items and elicit correc-  
tions where errors may appear in  
what has been written.  
Nature seems to have made mar-  
ked Huntersville and vicinity as  
designed for something of more  
than ordinary importance. The lo-  
cality is approachable from the  
four quarters of the earth by val-  
leys converging here. The beauty  
of the scenery everywhere display-  
ed is something phenomenal in the  
view of all who have eyes to appre-  
ciate whatever is picturesque in  
mountains, forests and streams.  
The air is pure and exhilarating.  
Mineral waters abound in profu-  
sion, chalybeate, alum and sulphur.  
The most remarkable however are  
the arsenious-lithia fountains that  
bubble up in the Curry Meadow,  
in volume sufficient to meet the  
needs of a world of health seeking  
people requiring the benefits of  
lithia remedies.  
Governor Flemming, in an ad-  
dress made by special invitation at  
Pittsburg six or seven years ago,  
said that one of the most remarka-  
ble iron regions yet discovered in  
the known world lies north east  
and south west of Huntersville,  
with Huntersville near the heart of  
it. Should this be so, the future  
of Huntersville is simply wonder-  
ful as to possibilities, unless some-  
thing be found out to supersede  
the use of iron in the future indus-  
tries of the earth.  
Persons who have made them-  
selves familiar with both vales,  
think that the poet who immortal-  
ized the Vale of Avoca would have  
changed his tune if he had ever  
looked over Huntersville and sur-  
roundings from Punkin Hill. It  
would have been this way:  
"In all the wide world there's no  
place so sweet,  
As the vales of Huntersville where  
the bright waters meet."  
Losing Faith in Pa.  
I used to think my pa was just as  
good as he could be,  
And I s'posed that he was smarter,  
too, than most folks you see;  
When I was littler than I am I  
used to tell my ma  
When I grew up to be a man I  
'd like to be like pa.  
I used to think abody's ma  
When she got settled down  
Was always s'posed to think his pa  
Was the finest man in town;  
But guess my ma do n't think that  
way,  
Not very hard, becuz  
She seems to have so much to say  
Against the things he does.  
One day I got some boards and  
nails and tried to build a sled,  
And purtysoon I banged my thumb  
and Moses! how it bled!  
I hopped around there on one foot,  
but it did n't stop a bit,  
And then I thought I'd swear and  
see if that'd make it quit.  
Of course, ma heard me lettin' go,  
And then she come and cried,  
And told me I had grieved her so  
And bugged me to her side,  
And said she wished that she was  
dead  
And in her grave before  
She heard me say what I had said  
When I had up and swore.  
"Well, pa he swears that way some  
times," I answered ma, and then  
She cried some more, and said she  
hoped I never would again!  
"Not when I git to be a man as big  
as pa" says I,  
And she says: "No, becuz Old Nick  
'll git him by and by."  
And once I tried to chew, and gee!  
But did n't I feel bad,  
And ma she cried more worse than  
me,  
And both of us was sad.  
And then, when I was laid out flat,  
She knelt there on the floor,  
And ast me if I'd promise that  
I'd never chew no more.  
"Well, pa he chews," I says to ma,  
"and so, when I'm a man,  
Grown up as big as he is, then I  
'll bet you that I can!  
And ma she said she hopes I won't  
chew, even when I'm big."  
"Becuz," she says, "a man that does  
is nothing but a pig."  
It's always that way when I say  
That I would like to grow  
To be a man like pa, some day—  
She hopes I won't you know—  
And I wonder if they're all that  
way?  
I wonder if your ma  
Would rather have you always stay  
So different from your pa?  
—Cleveland Leader.

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Ten or eleven years since the  
Methodist church was built on its  
present site, and so for the present  
the town is well provided with fa-  
cilities for public worship.  
Three or four years ago the Ma-  
sonic Fraternity of Pocahontas  
County, represented by the Hun-  
tersville Lodge, having in its pale  
many of the foremost citizens of  
the county, needed a lodge room.  
Arrangements mutually satisfactory  
were made with the trusteeship  
of the Presbyterian church, and  
the building was enlarged and re-  
novated in a very attractive style.  
The upper rooms assigned for the  
Lodge, and the lower for preaching

services.  
These memorabilia of Hunters-  
ville will now be brought to a con-  
clusion. These papers must be re-  
garded as tentative efforts to awak-  
en interest in local history, call out  
additional items and elicit correc-  
tions where errors may appear in  
what has been written.  
Nature seems to have made mar-  
ked Huntersville and vicinity as  
designed for something of more  
than ordinary importance. The lo-  
cality is approachable from the  
four quarters of the earth by val-  
leys converging here. The beauty  
of the scenery everywhere display-  
ed is something phenomenal in the  
view of all who have eyes to appre-  
ciate whatever is picturesque in  
mountains, forests and streams.  
The air is pure and exhilarating.  
Mineral waters abound in profu-  
sion, chalybeate, alum and sulphur.  
The most remarkable however are  
the arsenious-lithia fountains that  
bubble up in the Curry Meadow,  
in volume sufficient to meet the  
needs of a world of health seeking  
people requiring the benefits of  
lithia remedies.  
Governor Flemming, in an ad-  
dress made by special invitation at  
Pittsburg six or seven years ago,  
said that one of the most remarka-  
ble iron regions yet discovered in  
the known world lies north east  
and south west of Huntersville,  
with Huntersville near the heart of  
it. Should this be so, the future  
of Huntersville is simply wonder-  
ful as to possibilities, unless some-  
thing be found out to supersede  
the use of iron in the future indus-  
tries of the earth.  
Persons who have made them-  
selves familiar with both vales,  
think that the poet who immortal-  
ized the Vale of Avoca would have  
changed his tune if he had ever  
looked over Huntersville and sur-  
roundings from Punkin Hill. It  
would have been this way:  
"In all the wide world there's no  
place so sweet,  
As the vales of Huntersville where  
the bright waters meet."  
**Losing Faith in Pa.**  
I used to think my pa was just as  
good as he could be,  
And I s'posed that he was smarter,  
too, than most folks you see;  
When I was littler than I am I  
used to tell my ma  
When I grew up to be a man I  
'd like to be like pa.  
I used to think abody's ma  
When she got settled down  
Was always s'posed to think his pa  
Was the finest man in town;  
But guess my ma do n't think that  
way,  
Not very hard, becuz  
She seems to have so much to say  
Against the things he does.  
One day I got some boards and  
nails and tried to build a sled,  
And purtysoon I banged my thumb  
and Moses! how it bled!  
I hopped around there on one foot,  
but it did n't stop a bit,  
And then I thought I 'd swear and  
see if that 'd make it quit.  
Of course, ma heard me lettin' go,  
And then she come and cried,  
And told me I had grieved her so  
And bugged me to her side,  
And said she wished that she was  
dead  
And in her grave before  
She heard me say what I had said  
When I had up and swore.  
"Well, pa he swears that way some  
times," I answered ma, and then  
She cried some more, and said she  
hoped I never would again!  
"Not when I git to be a man as big  
as pa" says I,  
And she says: "No, becuz Old Nick  
'll git him by and by."  
And once I tried to chew, and gee!  
But did n't I feel bad,  
And ma she cried more worse than  
me,  
And both of us was sad.  
And then, when I was laid out flat,  
She knelt there on the floor,  
And ast me if I 'd promise that  
I 'd never chew no more.  
"Well, pa he chews," I says to ma,  
"and so, when I 'm a man,  
Grown up as big as he is, then I  
'll bet you that I can!  
And ma she said she hopes I won't  
chew, even when I 'm big."  
"Becuz," she says, "a man that does  
is nothing but a pig."  
It's always that way when I say  
That I would like to grow  
To be a man like pa, some day—  
She hopes I won't you know—  
And I wonder if they 're all that  
way!  
I wonder if your ma  
Would rather have you always stay  
So different from your pa?  
—Cleveland Leader.

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John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Maryland. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled. He followed the trend of the Alleghanies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body cannot be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he at last came in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by persons yet living, between M. J. McNeel's gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food,—subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison from his old home; who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

Mr McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home, Mr McNeel married Miss Martha Davis, who was born in Wales, in 1740; and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care,—after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place,—that he built a house for worship—the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and the two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the war, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition to the effect that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. So far as now known this is the first white child buried west of the Blue Mountains, and the first white funeral at the McNeel grave-yard. They reared five children two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan

and lived near Locust on what is now known as the "Jordan Place," owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. The sons were Jonathan, Isaac, John M., Abram, and Franklin.

Their daughter, Nancy Jordan, first married—Callison, of James. Upon his decease she became the wife of George Edmiston.

Jane Jordan married Major William Blair, who lived west of Hillsboro, on the farm now occupied by J. G. Beard.

Martha Jordan married the late Joseph Beard. She is living now (1897) with Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. Lieut J. J. Beard, of Huntersville, and Mrs Isaac McNeel, and Mrs William L. McNeel deceased, are her children.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill, who settled on Hill's Creek; and is remembered as the person who escaped at Drennan's, near the mouth of Stony Creek, when James Baker, school teacher, was slain by an Indian, about 1780. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill, married the late John Bruffey, of Hill's Creek, where some of her descendants yet reside. Among them is T. A. Bruffey, Esq.

George Gillilan married a daughter of Mr and Mrs Hill, but her name could not be recalled.

The sons of Richard Hill were Colonel John Hill, from whom Hillsboro is named; Thomas Hill Joel Hill, Abram Hill, Isaac Hill, and George Hill.

Martha McNeel the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved West, and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert artisan. Capt McNeel has a clock made by this person that is one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere.

Abraham settled on the land now held by Captain Edgar, and by Captain W. L. McNeel and sons, Henry and Joseph. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons,—Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west.

The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret (Peggy), who married the late William Beard, of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha (Patsy) married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county some years since,—Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son, Dr Beard is a prominent physician in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Locust.

Mary (Polly) was a life-long invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev. James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage are Henry Washington and William Lamb.

Henry Washington has lived mostly in the West, and led a busy life for many years, and is there now. Captain William L. McNeel lives on the old homestead along with two of his sons. He has held many positions of trust, and has met the expectations of his most admiring friends in the camp, in the legislature, and in business affairs.

Isaac McNeel, the other son of the pioneer, John McNeel, settled upon lands now held by the family of the late Jacob McNeel, Hon M. J. McNeel, Hon W. T. Beard, and C. E. Beard, Esq. His first wife was Rachel McKeever. By this marriage there were four sons,—

Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

Hannah married Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County, Virginia. Her son is Dr Matt Wallace, an eminent physician at Mill Point. Her daughter, Rachel Wallace, became Mrs William Hefner, a prominent citizen of Braxton County, West Virginia. Her other daughter, Elizabeth, married Christopher Jordan.

Martha McNeel married David McCue, of Nicholas County.

Nancy, the third daughter, married William O. Price, late of Huntersville, Randolph County.

Rachel McNeel married Jacob Crouch, of Randolph County.

In reference to the sons of the first marriage it will be remembered that Colonel Paul McNeel was one of the most widely-known citizens of his day.

John McNeel's sons are Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, and Mathew John McNeel, near Hillsboro,—now member of the West Virginia House of Delegates.

Richard McNeel's daughter, Mary, is the wife of Hon W. T. Beard whose sons, Edgar and Lee, are well known.

Isaac McNeel served as Sheriff a number of years, and went west.

By his second marriage, Isaac McNeel, son of John the pioneer, to Miss Ann Seybert, daughter of Jacob Seybert, mouth of Stamping Creek, there were two sons,—Jacob and Samuel Ellis. Samuel Ellis died a soldier in the war.

The daughters of the second marriage were Catherine, who became the wife of Charles Wade, of Green Hill, Virginia; Elizabeth married Jacob Sharp, Esq., near Edray; Miriam married Joseph McClung, of Nicholas County; Magdalen married Dr Robert Williams, of Bath, Virginia.

This brings the chronicles of the venerable pioneer's family down within the memory and observation of the living. His life was of no ordinary interest. His righteous memory should be in everlasting remembrance. He was the first to "wait with judicious care" amid these mountains the hymns sung by his ancestry amid the moors of Scotland,—the Men of the Moss-Hags.

But very little, if any, of the lands he pre-empted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation,—a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families. W. T. P.

The Sin of Profanity.

The Wise Man said: "There is nothing new under the sun," and so we find it. Certainly the use of profane language is not new, tho there are times and places that seem to be terribly prolific of this wide-spreading evil. And people who speak profanely (if they use the pen at all) are apt to write profanely,—even printed books, good in other respects, are not unfrequently marred by the irreverent use of God's holy name.

It is a long time ago that our Mighty Maker drew up by the hand of His servant Moses ten safe rules for man's obedience. Among these ten there is one especially devoted to the keeping of God's holy name, with severe warnings to breakers. Would that the 3d Commandment were written in letters of fire before the eyes of all who speak God's name lightly! Under the old Jewish dispensation this sin was punished with death; and in the 24th chapter of Leviticus we read of an instance of this kind.

A thought has sometimes presented itself to me, that if it is indeed true of spoken words going on forever before us, the sound really never ceasing, as the ripple on the water made by a pebble; and these spoken words, every single one, to meet us at the end of mortal career, in presence of the Great Judge at His bar,—what will the swearer do then when all his wicked oaths come up to him?

Some persons under great excitement of feeling or to render their speech more emphatic (as they imagine) will utter God's name lightly, persons who cannot

be called swearers, in the common acceptance of the term, yet they are wrong, all wrong in this, and commit sin in this for the name of God is holy.

God's goodness is great to us,—each single breath we draw a separate mercy,—and shall we use that very breath in insulting him, our Maker and our best friend?

A few men were once in company, and all swore save one; said he at last, "I notice you use peculiar language in turns, but I've not had my turn—you'll allow me that." Agreed, and as he seemed in no hurry to utter an oath, they bantered him for delay; to which he solemnly replied: "My friends, when I can see the wisdom or use of flying in the face of the great and mighty God,—and till then I beg you leave off so foolish and so wicked a thing." And unwonted silence fell upon the company.

A. L. P.

The Union Soldiers.

In a recent number of THE POCAHONTAS TIMES, over the nom de plume of "A. B. C." an article appeared relative to the Union soldiers, or the men who enlisted in the Union Army from this county as regular volunteers, to serve for three years, or during the war of the Rebellion;—their names and rank.

Twenty Pocahontas men enlisted in Company I, 3d West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, viz:

John Kelly, Sargent.  
Perry Buzzard, "  
W. H. Sims, "  
C. O. W. Sharp, "  
Peter H. Grimes, "  
Frank Grimes, Corporal  
Abraham Sharp, "  
C. N. Kelly, "  
J. B. Hannah, "  
Beverly Waugh, 1st Lieutenant.  
Privates in said Company.

D. K. Sims,  
Zane B. Grimes,  
Calvin Kelly,  
J. H. Duncan,

Alfred D. Gay,  
George W. McCarty,  
Clark Grimes,  
W. A. Kelly,  
John W. Tyler.

Then there were soldiers from this county in other regiments, viz:

Andrew Wanless  
Nelson Wanless  
John Curry  
Thomas Akers  
William Cutlip  
Jeremiah Sharp  
Armenius Buzzard  
Clark Kellison  
Andrew Kellison  
James Kee  
William Duffield  
William Duncan  
Jasper Moore  
David Moore  
Milton C. Sharp  
Brown Arbogast  
George Arbogast  
James E. Johnson.

It would be well for soldiers of both armies, now fellow citizens of our county would endeavor to collect the names of all in the war between the States.

Many of our people had great-grandfathers in the Revolution and in the War of 1812, yet we are not satisfactorily aware of it because pains were not taken to remember their names and deeds by their friends.

Let us try to let our descendants know our history,—they will be more than pleased to have it,—and they will keep us from being forgotten in years to come. Thirty years or more have elapsed since the war. The war being over, and no need of us anymore as soldiers, we came home and resumed our different callings in life. Many of those that wore the blue are now voting with those who wore the grey, and vice versa. B. W.

"The word Jingo seems to have established its place in the language, and has taken on a certain character of legitimacy which may give it permanence. 'By Jingo' is a common Basque oath and means 'By God,' the dialectic form of the word Being Jingo, Jingo, Jingo, Gingo, Yingo, and Yainco. The 'Jingoes' (in a strict etymological sense) are therefore the swearers, those without moderation or restraint, prone to premature explosions, boastful, vain, overconfident."—New York Tribune.

MAYBE it is Mr Hanna that is to bring prosperity after he gets into the Senate.—Atlanta Constitution.



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The Sin of Profanity.

The Wise Man said: "There is nothing new under the sun," and so we find it. Certainly the use of profane language is not new, tho there are times and places that seem to be terribly prolific of this wide-spreading evil. And people who speak profanely (if they use the pen at all) are apt to write profanely,—even printed books, good in other respects, are not unfrequently marred by the irreverent use of God's holy name.

It is a long time ago that our Mighty Maker drew up by the hand of His servant Moses ten safe rules for man's obedience. Among these ten there is one especially devoted to the keeping of God's holy name, with severe warnings to breakers. Would that the 3d Commandment were written in letters of fire before the eyes of all who speak God's name lightly! Under the old Jewish dispensation this sin was punished with death; and in the 24th chapter of Leviticus we read of an instance of this kind.

A thought has sometimes presented itself to me, that if it is indeed true of spoken words going on forever before us, the sound really never ceasing, as the ripple on the water made by a pebble; and these spoken words, every single one, to meet us at the end of mortal career, in presence of the Great Judge at His bar,—what will the swearer do then when all his wicked oaths come up to him?

Some persons under great excitement of feeling or to render their speech more emphatic (as they imagine) will utter God's name lightly, persons who cannot

be called swearers, in the common acceptance of the term, yet they are wrong, all wrong in this, and commit sin in this for the name of God is holy.

God's goodness is great to us,—each single breath we draw a separate mercy,—and shall we use that very breath in insulting him, our Maker and our best friend?

A few men were once in company, and all swore save one; said he at last, "I notice you use peculiar language in turns, but I've not had my turn—you'll allow me that." Agreed, and as he seemed in no hurry to utter an oath, they bantered him for delay; to which he solemnly replied: "My friends, when I can see the wisdom or use of flying in the face of the great and mighty God,—and till then I beg you leave off so foolish and so wicked a thing." And unwonted silence fell upon the company.

A. L. P.

The Union Soldiers.

In a recent number of THE POCAHONTAS TIMES, over the nom de plume of "A. B. C." an article appeared relative to the Union soldiers, or the men who enlisted in the Union Army from this county as regular volunteers, to serve for three years, or during the war of the Rebellion;—their names and rank.

Twenty Pocahontas men enlisted in Company I, 3d West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, viz:

John Kelly, Sargent.  
Perry Buzzard, "  
W. H. Sims, "  
C. O. W. Sharp, "  
Peter H. Grimes, "  
Frank Grimes, Corporal  
Abraham Sharp, "  
C. N. Kelly, "  
J. B. Hannah, "  
Beverly Waugh, 1st Lieutenant.  
Privates in said Company.

D. K. Sims,  
Zane B. Grimes,  
Calvin Kelly,  
J. H. Duncan,

Alfred D. Gay,  
George W. McCarty,  
Clark Grimes,  
W. A. Kelly,  
John W. Tyler.

Then there were soldiers from this county in other regiments, viz:

Andrew Wanless  
Nelson Wanless  
John Curry  
Thomas Akers  
William Cutlip  
Jeremiah Sharp  
Armenius Buzzard  
Clark Kellison  
Andrew Kellison  
James Kee  
William Duffield  
William Duncan  
Jasper Moore  
David Moore  
Milton C. Sharp  
Brown Arbogast  
George Arbogast  
James E. Johnson.

It would be well for soldiers of both armies, now fellow citizens of our county would endeavor to collect the names of all in the war between the States.

Many of our people had great-grandfathers in the Revolution and in the War of 1812, yet we are not satisfactorily aware of it because pains were not taken to remember their names and deeds by their friends.

Let us try to let our descendants know our history,—they will be more than pleased to have it,—and they will keep us from being forgotten in years to come. Thirty years or more have elapsed since the war. The war being over, and no need of us anymore as soldiers, we came home and resumed our different callings in life. Many of those that wore the blue are now voting with those who wore the grey, and vice versa. B. W.

"The word Jingo seems to have established its place in the language, and has taken on a certain character of legitimacy which may give it permanence. 'By Jingo' is a common Basque oath and means 'By God,' the dialectic form of the word Being Jingo, Jingo, Jingo, Gingo, Yingo, and Yainco. The 'Jingoes' (in a strict etymological sense) are therefore the swearers, those without moderation or restraint, prone to premature explosions, boastful, vain, overconfident."—New York Tribune.

MAYBE it is Mr Hanna that is to bring prosperity after he gets into the Senate.—Atlanta Constitution.



BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Fifty years ago one of the most active public men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District.

He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made, he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin to the right of the road passing to Mill Point, and is now occupied by Col John W. Ruckman and son, Mathews. His ancestry is traceable, according to Colonel John W. Ruckman's recollection, to David Ruckman, an Englishman, who settled in New Jersey. His son, David, born in New Jersey, and married to a Miss Little, came to Bath County, and was one of the first settlers in the Back Valley of Back Creek, on a farm now in the possession of William P. Campbell.

David Ruckman, the settler, began in the unbroken forest and built up a home. He died there, and was buried near the public road on a beautiful knoll.

It was here that David L. Ruckman was born and reared. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland County, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman, another brother, settled in Illinois.

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She was a very superior person in avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

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### The County Court.

Loring Kerr appointed road surveyor instad of Chas. Wooddell in precinct no. 24 in Green Bank district.

Jasper E. Friel appointed surveyor of road on Greenbrier river.

Ashby H. Sharp appointed constable in Huntersville district.

Scaled bids to be advertised for a foot bridge across the Greenbrier at the mouth of Leather Bark Creek.

Dr J. W. Price allowed license to keep drugstore at Marlinton.

A. R. Kinnison qualified as surty of R. W. Hill.

W. H. Grose and S. B. Scott Jr. appointed committee to examine books of Clerk's office.

R. L. Crummett contractor for toll from Huntersville to Top of Alleghany Mountain.

The Travelers Repose foot-bridge ordered to be repaired; P. D. Yeager commissioner.

\$100.00 dollars appropriated for road leading from Stony Creek road to Waugh's mill.

C. E. Beard authorized to close the old road down Stamping Creek it being replaced by the new one.

Scaled bids to be received by the Clerk for the copying of the land books of the County.

\$100 to be expended on the road near Major J. C. Arbogast's, at Green Bank; J. R. Warwick, commissioner.

Geo. M. Kee, Wm. M. Sharp, and Aaron Kee appointed to assess tolls on roads under G. W. Mann and W. C. Mann and on the Greenbrier bridge.

Ordered, that a desk be purchased for the use of the County surveyor.

Salaries of County officers: Clerk of Circuit Court, \$200; Clerk of County Court, \$200; Prosecuting Attorney, \$400; Assessor, \$375; Jailor, \$75.

John R. Hevener and Wm. J. Yeager appointed commissioners to let 2704 poles of new road on Phillips Hill, between Dunmore and Green Bank.

The above orders include all orders made by the Court, with the exception of the changing of a few road surveyors and hands which are not of general interest

**DENTISTRY.**—Dr J. H. Weymouth, of Elkins, W. Va., will be at Edray Mar. 19th; and remain 3 days; Buckeye (Clark Kellison's) March 23d, 3 days; Mill Point, 26th, 3 days; Huntersville, 30th, 2 days; Green Bank, April 1st, 3 days; Marlinton April 5th, 4 days. On account of a press of business since locating at Elkins, he has been unable to make his visits to this county on time, but in the future he will make them regularly every spring and fall.

### DANGERS FROM THE GRIP.

The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care be used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

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## D. W. DEVER

### Sale of Personal PROPERTY

On the 23rd day of March, 1897, I will offer for sale at my residence on Knapps creek all the personal property belonging to me, viz:

10 Cows, & other stock.  
3 good Work-Horses.  
1 Set of Harness  
2 Wagons  
1 Mowing Machine and Rake  
1 Buggy and Harness  
A lot of Hay, Wheat, Corn, and Oats. A lot of Bacon, and other things, too numerous to mention.

Terms made known on day of sale.

D. W. DEVER.  
March 5, 1897.

Swecker Auctioneer.

### \$25 Reward.

I will pay the above sum for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who wilfully and maliciously shot the saw at my mill on Laurel Creek.

HAMP. GOLFORD.

### Valuable Land for Rent

A valuable grazing farm of more than 300 acres for rent,—well watered and under good fence. Will rent or take in cattle by the month. For further information call on or address

ALLIE B. McLAUGHLIN,  
Edray, W. Va.

### Notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle up by the 15th of March, 1897, as I intend to make some change in my business.

GEORGE W. GINGER. 4t

### Notice.

We hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our land, by hunting, laying down fences, or in any other way.

NATHAN, SHEARER & Co.

### Notice to Horse-Traders.

On April 6th, 1897, first day of Court, in front of the Court-house, at Marlinton, W. Va., I will offer for sale my thoroughbred Hamiltonian stallion, on 30 days time, purchaser giving bond and good security. This horse is well-known in Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties, and will be in good trim for the season of 1897.

Respectfully,  
W. W. TYREE.

Marlinton, W. Va.

## WANTED!

### MEN TO TAKE CONTRACTS

for skidding logs to tramway by the thousand. I have from 6 to 8 million feet which I wish to let out in contracts of five hundred thousand to 2 million feet each to reliable jobbers who own good teams and are willing to push the work. Parties interested are requested to come and see me and look at the work.

Respectfully,  
PETER DOW.  
Jack, W. Va., Feb. 27, 1897.

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Scaled bids to be advertised for a foot bridge across the Greenbrier at the mouth of Leather Bark Creek.

Dr J. W. Price allowed license to keep drugstore at Marlinton.

A. R. Kinnison qualified as surty of R. W. Hill.

W. H. Grose and S. B. Scott Jr. appointed committee to examine books of Clerk's office.

R. L. Crummett contractor for toll from Huntersville to Top of Alleghany Mountain.

The Travelers Repose foot-bridge ordered to be repaired; P. D. Yeager commissioner.

\$100.00 dollars appropriated for road leading from Stony Creek road to Waugh's mill.

C. E. Beard authorized to close the old road down Stamping Creek it being replaced by the new one.

Scaled bids to be received by the Clerk for the copying of the land books of the County.

\$100 to be expended on the road near Major J. C. Arbogast's, at Green Bank; J. R. Warwick, commissioner.

Geo. M. Kee, Wm. M. Sharp, and Aaron Kee appointed to assess tolls on roads under G. W. Mann and W. C. Mann and on the Greenbrier bridge.

Ordered, that a desk be purchased for the use of the County surveyor.

Salaries of County officers: Clerk of Circuit Court, \$200; Clerk of County Court, \$200; Prosecuting Attorney, \$400; Assessor, \$375; Jailor, \$75.

John R. Hevener and Wm. J. Yeager appointed commissioners to let 2704 poles of new road on Phillips Hill, between Dunmore and Green Bank.

The above orders include all orders made by the Court, with the exception of the changing of a few road surveyors and hands which are not of general interest

**DENTISTRY.**—Dr J. H. Weymouth, of Elkins, W. Va., will be at Edray Mar. 19th; and remain 3 days; Buckeye (Clark Kellison's) March 23d, 3 days; Mill Point, 26th, 3 days; Huntersville, 30th, 2 days; Green Bank, April 1st, 3 days; Marlinton April 5th, 4 days. On account of a press of business since locating at Elkins, he has been unable to make his visits to this county on time, but in the future he will make them regularly every spring and fall.

### DANGERS FROM THE GRIP.

The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care be used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

**MR WARD L. SMITH**, of Fredric-town, Mo., was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that it was only a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians of Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a paper and chanced to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose he ped him and its continued use cured him. For sale by druggists.

## D. W. DEVER

### Sale of Personal PROPERTY

On the 23rd day of March, 1897, I will offer for sale at my residence on Knapps creek all the personal property belonging to me, viz:

10 Cows, & other stock.  
3 good Work-Horses.  
1 Set of Harness  
2 Wagons  
1 Mowing Machine and Rake  
1 Buggy and Harness  
A lot of Hay, Wheat, Corn, and Oats. A lot of Bacon, and other things, too numerous to mention.

Terms made known on day of sale.

D. W. DEVER.  
March 5, 1897.

Swecker Auctioneer.

### \$25 Reward.

I will pay the above sum for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who wilfully and maliciously shot the saw at my mill on Laurel Creek.

HAMP. GOLFORD.

### Valuable Land for Rent

A valuable grazing farm of more than 300 acres for rent,—well watered and under good fence. Will rent or take in cattle by the month. For further information call on or address

ALLIE B. McLAUGHLIN,  
Edray, W. Va.

### Notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle up by the 15th of March, 1897, as I intend to make some change in my business.

GEORGE W. GINGER.  
Huntersville, W. Va. 4t

### Notice.

We hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our land, by hunting, laying down fences, or in any other way.

NATHAN, SHEARER & Co.

### Notice to Horse- Traders.

On April 6th, 1897, first day of Court, in front of the Court-house, at Marlinton, W. Va., I will offer for sale my thoroughbred Hamiltonian stallion, on 30 days time, purchaser giving bond and good security. This horse is well-known in Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties, and will be in good trim for the season of 1897.

Respectfully,  
W. W. TYREE.

Marlinton, W. Va.

## WANTED!

### MEN TO TAKE CONTRACTS

for skidding logs to tramway by the thousand. I have from 6 to 8 million feet which I wish to let out in contracts of five hundred thousand to 2 million feet each to reliable jobbers who own good teams and are willing to push the work. Parties interested are requested to come and see me and look at the work.

Respectfully,  
PETER DOW.  
Jack, W. Va., Feb. 27, 1897.

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## FOOTBALL.

### Oak Grove 2; Frost 1.

On March 6th a game of foot-  
ball was played at Mr Clark Dil-  
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Altho the day was unfavorable,  
there was quite a crowd out to  
witness the—among them several  
ladies—who kept up a lively cheer-  
ing for both teams.

The game was called at 1:20 p.  
m., and was hotly contested from  
the start. The ball was carried  
down to Oak Grove's goal-line and  
a skirmish ensued which resulted  
in a first goal for Frost by being  
kicked through by one of the op-  
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play, and was carried into Frost's  
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Half-time was called, the score  
standing 2-1 in Oak Grove's favor.  
No scoring was done in the last  
half, tho the playing was hard and  
fast.

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S. Sutton, C. Dilley, F. Arbogast,  
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backs.) E. Wooddell, W. Hudson  
(full-backs.) E. Hudson (goal.)

*Frost.*—C. Sharp, Captain, U.  
Sharp, A. Sharp, O. Williams, W.  
B. Sharp (forwards.) H. Reed, S.  
Curry, H. Sharp (half-backs.) G.  
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Referee, Walker Yeager; lines-  
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CURES  
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Cramps,  
Diarrhoea,  
Flux,  
Cholera  
Morbus,  
Nausea,  
Changes of  
Water, etc.

HEALS  
Cuts,  
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Overshirts, 19c.  
Men's Dress Shirts, 37c.  
Drawers, 24c.  
Men's socks, 6 pair for 25c.  
Ladies Vests, 8c or 15c a pair.  
Men's Dust Brooms, 5c.  
Good Straw Mopping, 12 1-2c.  
Cuticle Soap, 10 c.—a good toilet Soap.  
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Oil Carpets, 34c per yard.  
Ingrain Carpets, 49c.  
Stair Carpets, 25c.  
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A good Mole-skin Pants, worth \$1.25, for 39c.  
Overshirts, 19c.  
Men's Dress Shirts, 37c.  
Drawers, 24c.  
Men's socks, 6 pair for 25c.  
Ladies Vests, 8c or 15c a pair.  
Men's Dust Brooms, 5c.  
Good Straw Mopping, 12 1-2c.  
Cuticle Soap, 10 c.—a good toilet Soap.  
A Boys Collar, ten cents.  
Oil Carpets, 34c per yard.  
Ingrain Carpets, 49c.  
Stair Carpets, 25c.  
Two Papers of Pins, 5c.

Big bargains in Tin and Glass Ware. We have other bargains that will interest you. Our goods are new and fresh. Call and be convinced. All mail orders receive our prompt attention.

Lightning Hot Drops—What a Funny Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pain. Sold Everywhere, Every Day—Without Relief, There is No Pain.



MINGO 2, MARLINTON 2.

The Mingo Football Game an Experience Not Soon to be Forgotten.—Declared a Draw.

Tuesday morning, December 22, a strong team of football players started from Marlinton, with every prospect for fine weather, to play the return game of the series with Mingo. About noon, however, it came on to snow, and some of the more faint-hearted were for turning back forthwith; but the majority declared that having put the hand to the plow, and advanced so far on their journey, they would see the thing thro.

Arrived at Mingo, the team was housed at the hospitable home of Mr. Arthur Lawson, who spared no pains to entertain his guests.

The next day the weather showed no abatement, but it was decided that the game should go on. It was thought questionable whether the spectators would be sufficient to supply the usual quota of officials, referee, linesmen, etc., but the natives showed their mettle by turning out to the number of fifty at least. One lady watched the game from start to finish.

Marlinton won the toss, and elected to defend the west goal. The wind was blowing almost directly across the field. The ball was quickly carried into Mingo territory, and kept there some time. It looked as tho Marlinton would have little difficulty in scoring.

Marlinton sent in a ball, which was stopped by Lawson, but he was charged and fell with the ball in his hands, the visitors claiming a goal. However, nearly all the players of both teams rushed in and engaged in a regular fight. Finally "settling" over Lawson, who on his hands and knees was rapidly crawling with the ball toward the centre of the field. Play

went on without any penalty being allowed for violation of rule by and the goal-keeper, nor was the goal allowed. The ball was passed in

and Price had a lucky try for goal. Then the play sought the other end, and Miles equalized with a goal for Mingo. Wilson was fouled at a time when a goal for Marlinton seemed a foregone conclusion, but no notice whatever was taken of it by the referee. A kick

out by Mingo was blocked by Price, the ball bounding thro the goal, and half-time was called with the score standing 2-1 in the visitor's favor.

In the second half the play was all over the field. E. Hebden scored the neatest goal of the game by a low, swift shot, tying the score.

The game was marred by an unfortunate dispute or two, caused by the bad state of the ground and the consequent looseness of the play.

**Marlinton.**—P. Yeager (goal), W. Yeager, J. Yeager (back), Bird Slavin, McLaughlin (h. b.), J. H. G. Wilson, L. Yeager, Anderson, Simmons, Price (forwards.)

**Mingo.**—Lawson (goal), Lindsay, J. Hebden (back), R. Tuke, Dukers, M. Gatewood (h. b.), E. Hebden, Miles, Earnshaw, Grews, Ramsey (forwards.)

Jack Forster, referee; linesmen, Edwin Hall and Guy Marshall.

Lindsay played a fine game at back, and Lawson guarded Mingo's goal with great coolness. L. A. Yeager, back at his old place in the forward line, after a brilliant season at the University, made many a good run-up. Slavin, at half, earned much praise for his sure kicking.

Going down Elk the Marlinton crowd was greeted with derision, the school-children enroute cheering Mingo to the echo. The "Iron-clads" were engaging in a little practice game on Hugh Sharp's land. Their yells could be heard long before they were seen, while their forms, dimly discerned thro the thickly-falling snow, looked like those of giants, indeed.

The expedition returned to Marlinton on Thursday, there being many points of resemblance to the return of an Arctic exploring party. Each member was restored safe and sound to the bosom of his anxious family. It is reported that one or two have "swore off" playing football.

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1893. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to their sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

A machine makes 8,000 pins hourly.

FLORENCE, Ala., has prohibited Sunday shaves.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Some weeks since a fallen soldier's letter was published in this paper. It is our pleasure now to lay before the reader a war-letter written nearly thirty-four years ago, whose author still lives. He is now Adjutant Pocahontas Camp of Confederate Veterans.

CAMP NEAR MADISON C. H.,  
July 30th, 1863.

Dear Sister Nancy Jane,—I take the present opportunity this morning to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping that these few lines may reach you in good health when they come to hand. I have not much to write at this time. I am in camp to day near Madison Court House. We just came here last night, but we don't know how long we will stay here. I have had a hard time of marching ever since I left home. I have had but a few days rest. I was guarding a mill over in the Valley and have been in two battles,—the battle of Winchester, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and have come out safe. I did not get hurt. The tin-cup that was in my haversack was hit by a musket-ball. There were three wounded in my company. Two of my mess were wounded—James Akers and William—and were left in the hands of the enemy. I had the hardest time when we had to fall back from Pennsylvania that I have had since the war.

I was in twenty miles of Harrisburg, the capitol of the State. It is a very fine country over there, and I have never seen such country for wheat as that is. We could get plenty to eat when I was over there. They were very clever people in Maryland and a good many secessionists there. We had to wade the Potomac River, and it was up to our arms, and the army had to cross it in the night. I crossed about daylight in the morning. We had traveled all the night before, and had been on skirmish forty-eight hours before, and that was why we had no rest. The 25th Regiment is skirmisher for

the battle of Gettysburg. I shot forty-eight rounds. We started into the fight about sun-down and fought until about 10 o'clock that night, and then we were out of ammunition. It was a very hard place to fight the Yankees, they were strong and fortified on the mountain. Gen. Johnson, that was on the Allegheny, was with us in the charge and he got his horse shot and killed under him. But we got safe back to Virginia and I was glad of that. We have come across the Blue Ridge again. Imboden's Brigade is still in the Valley. I heard from Musto Corbett yesterday and he was well. His company was in a fight over in Maryland and his Captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners and Brison Moore that was from Pocahontas was killed. He was a good soldier and I hated to hear of his death.

We had some killed and wounded out of the 25th Regiment, the 31st Regiment lost but few men. I wish I could get back to Imboden again. We have very hard times in this big army for something to eat. We do n't get more than half enough, and we all are out of money and means to buy any with. We have no tents, we have to take the weather as it comes. The army is in a bad condition, heap of them are barefooted. I am just about that, and have but one pair of socks and they are full of holes, so you can send me a pair if you have any. Tell Bob to write to me. I would write to him now but I have a bad place to write and I am tired and broken down marching. I would like to be out there now to get some good apples to eat and get some berry pies. I got a letter from home, and it said that E. M. Ware was dead. I was sorry to hear of his death, I did n't think he would get over it when I was there. This letter is as much to mother as it is to you. You must read it to her. But if you have time answer it as soon as it comes to hand and let me hear from you all at home. I have gotten a letter from Pocahontas, and you can never write to me. Direct Co. I, 25 Va. Regiment, Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, and it will come to me, so there is nothing more at present.

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"That's not so. If he was n't as strong as a lion he would n't be able to crawl out."—Kansas City World.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.



IE first cottage prayer-meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Robert Duffield, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced. No one had yet arrived when we reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

Robert Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well-known pioneer, and ancestor of so many of our worthy citizens of the Moore relationship.

From Mrs Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars: Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Robert Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior, late of Edray. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh, in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen, of Clover Creek, who was a well known Union scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Robert Duffield, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, whose residence was where I. Wesley Irvine now lives. Mr Irvine is a grandson of John Sharp. Mr Duffield settled on the Mill property now in possession of S. D. Waugh, but in his last years lived on the farm where his father, Robert, had lived and died. John Duffield's sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton, who lives on the old homestead; Emory and McKendree in the West.

Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet she turned to the door and found him dead,—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, tho she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray.

Nancy Ellen Duffield was married to the late Marcellus Ratliff, and now lives on a portion of the old homestead near the same place.

William Duffield, son of Robert and Hannah Duffield, married Margaret Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring, now known as the Warwick Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Mrs Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield. Mr Gay was a Union soldier, and had remarkable adventures while escaping from the army below Richmond and making his way with five or six others thro East Virginia, the Valley, the mountains of Bath and Pocahontas back to Stony Creek.

Caroline Duffield, a daughter of William Duffield, was married to George Aldridge, son of the late John Aldridge, head of Laurel Run. They are living in Iowa,—having the comforts of a prosperous home.

Hannah Duffield was married to David Cochran, and lives at the end of Drooping Mountain. She has two daughters living on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Agnes, who is Mrs Willis McComb; and Ida, who is Mrs Henry McComb.

One of William Duffield's daughters died in early youth of what was called the "cold plague," but judging from reported symptoms it would be called now "congestive chills."

This hard-working man, William Duffield, finally met his death by a tree falling upon him, which he was chopping for browse. The snow was quite deep, and when the family became uneasy that he did not come to dinner, Rebecca, the eldest of the family, just about grown, went to see what was the reason. She found him dead under the tree, buried in the snow. She told what had happened, and other members of the family hastened to the neighboring homes for assistance. Rebecca went back and chopped the large tree in two, had the log rolled away before any one had time to get there, and was holding her poor dead father's head in her arms. Rebecca now resides in Kansas, and is reported to be living in very comfortable circumstances.

Mary Duffield became the wife of Alexander Moore, and went to the West.

The writer cherishes very tender recollections of John Duffield, the honest and faithful miller, whom he met so frequently at mill when a mere youth. A few months before the venerable man's death, we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life, and that he had gotten some new and encouraging ideas that day which he would not have missed for anything in his old age. They were suggested by the text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Briefly expressed, the ideas he referred to were these: From God's gifts to form a plea, and ask Him still for more, and the best way to please him is to value and rightly appreciate his benefits and desire them more and more in humble, grateful prayer. As nothing pleases a father more than to see that his children are truly grateful for what he has to give them, so it is with God—the best of all the fathers. "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

From what I can learn, this was about the last time my venerable

friend, over eighty years of age, ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation. I cherish with peculiar feelings his last words to me "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

W. T. P.

Blennerhesset P. S. A.

From The Cumberland (Eng.) Times.

There was a very crowded company on Sunday, the attendance reaching high water mark. Mr Arthur Lawson gave the address. He was pleased to be with you, altho when he gave the address there was some danger of making him a person and he thought that would hardly do. But he thought these P. S. A. meetings were good institutions, and he was pleased to do what he could to further their interest. He wished to speak to them on the subject of travel. He thought there were few things more instructive, or that contributed more to one's pleasure, than travel. He remembered that when at school he got more than one rap over the knuckles because he could not tell the exact whereabouts of some place of outlandish nomenclature; and he resolved, if he might be so privileged, to travel and see both where and what these places were. But if we were

TO MAKE THE MOST OF TRAVEL

there were certain things it were well for us to note. One was to be observant. It was a great gift when a man had a seeing eye. It was very astonishing how much some travelers saw; and it was still more astonishing how little was seen by others. It were well to cultivate the faculty of seeing; and next to that, and this was another thing to note, the faculty of discrimination. Abroad, as at home, things were not always what they seem; and to be able to discriminate, and then store it to the memory what was worthy only of real notice, was a great gift, and a gift should be cultivated. It had been his privilege, some time ago now, to travel on the continent of Europe and in the East. But he thought they might be most interested in what he might tell them about the Holy Land and Egypt. Mr Lawson dwelt at some length on these two countries, giving descriptions of the different places visited, and of the life and manners of the people. He next of Constantinople, and considered that

THE TURKS

were innately cruel: when they would stand gloating and grinning over the death pangs of a dog in the street, as he had seen them, it was not to be wondered at that they were so callous of human life. He also spoke of the Crimea; and he could not but remember as he stood on the spot of the charge of the Light Brigade that when, after the disaster, the general was sorrowfully explaining to the men the blunder that had been made, then replied "My lord, we are ready to go again if need be." That showed of what stuff the men of Britain were made—ready to dare any thing in obedience to the call of duty. They visited Moscow at the time of a great religious festival, when nearly every other man one met was a priest. He should say that the Russian peasantry were a very religious class of people; but

GRIEVOUS BURDENS

under which they suffered cried aloud for reform. He should like to tell them something of America, where he had spent the last few years, but his time was gone. This much only he would say—that the men were marvellously go-ahead people, and that the American ladies were exceedingly fine. But after all there was no place like home, and no place like canny Cumberland. The people of these realms had reason to be proud of their country, and it should be for every one of us to do our best to make and keep our country both prosperous and great.—The address was listened to with much interest.—Miss Thomson, Aspatia, accompanied by Miss Graves, sang with much skill and pathos the two solos, "Daddy," and "He wipes the tears from every eye." Miss F. Husbands presided at the piano, and the Rev J. Potts conducted the meeting.

[Note: P. S. A. means Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.—Ed.]

THE Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years and longer—I am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of its kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.' It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by druggists."

FOREW

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**MARRIED**—In Mingo County, W. Va., Aaron Hatfield, Nephew of 'Cap' Hatfield, to Mary McCoy, Daughter of Rudolph McCoy.

A simple enough wedding notice that, but behind it and in it as a romantic tale of love and courtship as ever penned—a tale of a mountain maid's wooing; she a McCoy, her lover one of the famous Hatfields, and the two families, for years avowed enemies, sworn to kill at sight, to hunt each other like wild animals; defying the law and the law's officers; and for forty years waging the bloodiest feud in the history of the South.

For forty years the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta has waged, and in those forty years forty coffins, marked by head stones in the neighboring graveyards, tell of forty lives snuffed out by bullet and knife. Its origin was trivial. Way back in 56 when West Virginia was a new country, many parts of it unexplored and unsettled, two razor-back hogs strayed from the farm of Anse Hatfield. Where they went was the bone of the contention. Hatfield claimed that they had wandered to the premises of Rudolph McCoy and were being kept there. This McCoy denied, and the matter finally came up in the shape of a suit for the recovery in the justice court. The case was decided for Hatfield.

During the trial hot words were passed and open hostilities were narrowly averted on several occasions. The relatives and friend of the two litigants crowded the rude court room, all armed and ready to take an active part if the impending battle broke out. But it was avoided, and nothing more than threats from the leaders of the McCoy faction occurred to give alarm. Thus the feud started, and for forty years it kept the country side in a state of excitement.

The McCoy's made good their threats. One morning the body of Bill Stayton, a grand son of the plaintiff in the hog case, was found lying dead with a bullet hole in his head. Two of the numerous McCoy boys were arrested for the murder, but were acquitted at the trial. At this juncture the outbreaking of the civil war played a part. The deadly enemies now and sworn to kill members of the opposing faction at sight, they united in their country's defense, and for four years the war lasted a truce was declared.

With the surrender of the Confederate forces came the renewal of the feudal hostilities. Old "Cap" Hatfield, the patriarch of the family, assumed the leadership. Once Hatfield soon after abducted Rosana McCoy, and refused to right by marriage the wrong he had done her. For this he was arrested, but a daring rescue by the Hatfields prevented his trial for the charge. From this on to 1882 matters went along rather smoothly. Whenever members of the factions would meet there was sure to be an exchange of shots, but, strange to say, no one was killed outright, the two of the McCoy's died afterwards from wounds received in one of their battles.

But on election day of 1882 marked the beginning of a series of fights, each of which claimed one or more victims. A relative of both of the families was running for office, and the members of the two factions agreed to suspend their differences and work for their kinsman's election. But before the day was over Talbot McCoy and Elias Hatfield became involved in a fight. At first it was merely fistcuffs, McCoy threw his opponent, and was punomelling him severely when Deacon Ellison Hatfield and his brother appeared on the scene, and several of the McCoy gang had gathered around their representative, ready to take a hand in the fight when the time came. Talbot McCoy and the deacon advanced on each other with open knives, and when in reach the slashing began. Hatfield's knife closed on his hands, and throwing it away, he used his fists, while McCoy wielded his weapon with telling effect. The fight became general, and when it was over, though no one was killed several of the participants were carried away with injuries that afterward proved fatal. Ellison Hatfield died the following Wednesday. He had been cut twenty-seven times besides being shot. Three of the McCoy's were arrested—Talbot, Randolph and Farmer.

The night of the fight the Hatfield clan gathered to gether seventy members, and, waylaying the deputy sheriff, who was taking the prisoners to the Pike county jail, captured the three McCoy's. They were taken across the river to the West Virginia side, and there held to await the outcome of Deacon Ellison's injuries. When news came of death, the imprisoned McCoy's were notified that they were to die. The following morning they were taken back to the Kentucky side and, after being bound, were forced to a kneeling position on the river's brink.

At the word of command a dozen rifle shots barked in the crisp air, and Talbot and Farmer McCoy fell over dead. The thirteen year old boy, Randolph McCoy, had been a witness to the killing, and it was decided to kill him also. One of the

party was sent back to do the work and two barrels from his shot gun riddled the boy's body.

The next move of the Hatfields was to try and kill Randolph McCoy, the head of the family. Two desperadoes of the clan waited in ambush one night near a road over which he would have travel. Fortunately the intend victim, a brother, Calvin McCoy, passed the concealed assassins before the man they had marked. In the darkness they mistook their man and fired at Calvin. He was not killed outright, but was maimed for life. Soon after this a Hatfield raid was betrayed to the McCoy's, and they escaped. The wife and mother-in-law of Bill Daniels, one of the Hatfield faction, were suspected of betraying the secret. For revenge "Cap" Hatfield and Tom Wallace went to Daniel's house one night, and, covering him with a shot gun, gave both of the women a fearful beating. The wife died from her injuries, and her mother had several rib bones broken by the force of the blows.

Jeff McCoy was the next to go. He was a brother of Daniel's wife and was looking for Tom Wallace. "Bad Anse" Hatfield agreed to assist him in his search, but instead enticed him into an ambush, where he was killed.

In 1885 the Governor of Kentucky put a price on the head of Anse Hatfield and his brother, "Cap," and called upon the Governor of West Virginia for their requisition. This was at first denied, but in 1887 the officials of both States united in an effort to suppress this bloody feud. The McCoy's had suffered so much that their spirit for revenge rarely showed, but they eagerly grasped at the proposition that they join the officers in search of the Hatfield leaders. Three of gang were captured, and subsequently sent to the State prison.

The zeal of the McCoy's in joining the officers aroused the ire of their enemies, and a raid was planned for New Year's night of 1888.

Nine of the Hatfields, led by Uncle Jim Vance, attacked the house of old Randolph McCoy. Two girls were in one end of the house, and one, Allaphare McCoy opened the door when the gang demanded admission. She was immediately shot and killed by Ellison Mounts, at the command of Vance. Mrs McCoy started from the door to go to her dead daughter, when Jim Vance broke two of her ribs with the butt of his gun, and stunned her with a blow from his pistol. Calvin McCoy was killed in the exchange of shots, and the old man was wounded.

Strange as it may seem, the Hatfields repudiated the killing of the McCoy girls. With their characteristic brutality toward women, it is hard to say what prompted it, but they delivered Ellison Mounts who fired the shot, into the officers' hands, and on their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

From that time the feud, while it has been kept up, has not been as exciting as in former days. Now and then a Hatfield and McCoy exchange shots, but the last man killed met his fate two years ago. The persistent pursuit of the Hatfields by the deputies drove them into the mountain fastnesses, and made the warfare before used impossible.

And now comes the reconciliation—the end of it all. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of old "Cap" Hatfield, met and loved pretty Mary McCoy, daughter of the head of the family, Rudolph McCoy. Primitive in their habits, these mountain lovers knew nothing of what the social world terms conventionality in courtship. There was no one to say that they should do this or do that. They only knew that they loved each other, that it was the lasting, enduring love of years, and they were happy. The rugged barren hillsides were their trysting places; there they met alone, and their secret was shared with none save one. And he was the trusted friend, who saw to it that neither family knew that of what was transpiring until the time for the announcement was deemed ripe.

For there was danger should the secret be known prematurely. The fires of the feud, tho smouldering, were by no means out. One day Aaron told Mary that his brother would go to see her father the following day. The lovers met at the house of the friend. All day they waited to hear what the result had been. Mary at the window saw the stalwart form of her lover's brother approach the house. "It's all right," he said. And then came the joyful news that the wedding would end forever the forty-year feud.—New York Journal.

LISTEN.—We want every man, woman, or boy that owes us a dollar, dime, or cent to come in and settle. We cannot carry your accounts over to 1897. Settlement must be made in December, 1896. We will look for and expect you. Thanking you for past favors, we are, respectfully,

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.



IE first cottage prayer-meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Robert Duffield, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced. No one had yet arrived when we reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

Robert Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well-known pioneer, and ancestor of so many of our worthy citizens of the Moore relationship.

From Mrs Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars: Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Robert Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior, late of Edray. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh, in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen, of Clover Creek, who was a well known Union scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Robert Duffield, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, whose residence was where I. Wesley Irvine now lives. Mr Irvine is a grandson of John Sharp. Mr Duffield settled on the Mill property now in possession of S. D. Waugh, but in his last years lived on the farm where his father, Robert, had lived and died. John Duffield's sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton, who lives on the old homestead; Emory and McKendree in the West.

Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet she turned to the door and found him dead,—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, tho she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray.

Nancy Ellen Duffield was married to the late Marcellus Ratliff, and now lives on a portion of the old homestead near the same place.

William Duffield, son of Robert and Hannah Duffield, married Margaret Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring, now known as the Warwick Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Mrs Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield. Mr Gay was a Union soldier, and had remarkable adventures while escaping from the army below Richmond and making his way with five or six others thro East Virginia, the Valley, the mountains of Bath and Pocahontas back to Stony Creek.

Caroline Duffield, a daughter of William Duffield, was married to George Aldridge, son of the late John Aldridge, head of Laurel Run. They are living in Iowa,—having the comforts of a prosperous home.

Hannah Duffield was married to David Cochran, and lives at the end of Drooping Mountain. She has two daughters living on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Agnes, who is Mrs Willis McComb; and Ida, who is Mrs Henry McComb.

One of William Duffield's daughters died in early youth of what was called the "cold plague," but judging from reported symptoms it would be called now "congestive chills."

This hard-working man, William Duffield, finally met his death by a tree falling upon him, which he was chopping for browse. The snow was quite deep, and when the family became uneasy that he did not come to dinner, Rebecca, the eldest of the family, just about grown, went to see what was the reason. She found him dead under the tree, buried in the snow. She told what had happened, and other members of the family hastened to the neighboring homes for assistance. Rebecca went back and chopped the large tree in two, had the log rolled away before any one had time to get there, and was holding her poor dead father's head in her arms. Rebecca now resides in Kansas, and is reported to be living in very comfortable circumstances.

Mary Duffield became the wife of Alexander Moore, and went to the West.

The writer cherishes very tender recollections of John Duffield, the honest and faithful miller, whom he met so frequently at mill when a mere youth. A few months before the venerable man's death, we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life, and that he had gotten some new and encouraging ideas that day which he would not have missed for anything in his old age. They were suggested by the text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Briefly expressed, the ideas he referred to were these: From God's gifts to form a plea, and ask Him still for more, and the best way to please him is to value and rightly appreciate his benefits and desire them more and more in humble, grateful prayer. As nothing pleases a father more than to see that his children are truly grateful for what he has to give them, so it is with God—the best of all the fathers. "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

From what I can learn, this was about the last time my venerable

friend, over eighty years of age, ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation. I cherish with peculiar feelings his last words to me "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

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At the word of command a dozen rifle shots barked in the crisp air, and Talbot and Farmer McCoy fell over dead. The thirteen year old boy, Randolph McCoy, had been a witness to the killing, and it was decided to kill him also. One of the

party was sent back to do the work and two barrels from his shot gun riddled the boy's body.

The next move of the Hatfields was to try and kill Randolph McCoy, the head of the family. Two desperadoes of the clan waited in ambush one night near a road over which he would have travel. Fortunately the intend victim, a brother, Calvin McCoy, passed the concealed assassins before the man they had marked. In the darkness they mistook their man and fired at Calvin. He was not killed outright, but was maimed for life. Soon after this a Hatfield raid was betrayed to the McCoy's, and they escaped. The wife and mother-in-law of Bill Daniels, one of the Hatfield faction, were suspected of betraying the secret. For revenge "Cap" Hatfield and Tom Wallace went to Daniel's house one night, and, covering him with a shot gun, gave both of the women a fearful beating. The wife died from her injuries, and her mother had several rib bones broken by the force of the blows.

Jeff McCoy was the next to go. He was a brother of Daniel's wife and was looking for Tom Wallace. "Bad Anse" Hatfield agreed to assist him in his search, but instead enticed him into an ambush, where he was killed.

In 1885 the Governor of Kentucky put a price on the head of Anse Hatfield and his brother, "Cap," and called upon the Governor of West Virginia for their requisition. This was at first denied, but in 1887 the officials of both States united in an effort to suppress this bloody feud. The McCoy's had suffered so much that their spirit for revenge rarely showed, but they eagerly grasped at the proposition that they join the officers in search of the Hatfield leaders. Three of gang were captured, and subsequently sent to the State prison.

The zeal of the McCoy's in joining the officers aroused the ire of their enemies, and a raid was planned for New Year's night of 1888.

Nine of the Hatfields, led by Uncle Jim Vance, attacked the house of old Randolph McCoy. Two girls were in one end of the house, and one, Allaphare McCoy opened the door when the gang demanded admission. She was immediately shot and killed by Ellison Mounts, at the command of Vance. Mrs McCoy started from the door to go to her dead daughter, when Jim Vance broke two of her ribs with the butt of his gun, and stunned her with a blow from his pistol. Calvin McCoy was killed in the exchange of shots, and the old man was wounded.

Strange as it may seem, the Hatfields repudiated the killing of the McCoy girls. With their characteristic brutality toward women, it is hard to say what prompted it, but they delivered Ellison Mounts who fired the shot, into the officers' hands, and on their testimony he was convicted and hanged.

From that time the feud, while it has been kept up, has not been as exciting as in former days. Now and then a Hatfield and McCoy exchange shots, but the last man killed met his fate two years ago. The persistent pursuit of the Hatfields by the deputies drove them into the mountain fastnesses, and made the warfare before used impossible.

And now comes the reconciliation—the end of it all. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of old "Cap" Hatfield, met and loved pretty Mary McCoy, daughter of the head of the family, Rudolph McCoy. Primitive in their habits, these mountain lovers knew nothing of what the social world terms conventionality in courtship. There was no one to say that they should do this or do that. They only knew that they loved each other, that it was the lasting, enduring love of years, and they were happy. The rugged barren hillsides were their trysting places; there they met alone, and their secret was shared with none save one. And he was the trusted friend, who saw to it that neither family knew that of what was transpiring until the time for the announcement was deemed ripe.

For there was danger should the secret be known prematurely. The fires of the feud, tho smouldering, were by no means out. One day Aaron told Mary that his brother would go to see her father the following day. The lovers met at the house of the friend. All day they waited to hear what the result had been. Mary at the window saw the stalwart form of her lover's brother approach the house. "It's all right," he said. And then came the joyful news that the wedding would end forever the forty-year feud.—New York Journal.

LISTEN.—We want every man, woman, or boy that owes us a dollar, dime, or cent to come in and settle. We cannot carry your accounts over to 1897. Settlement must be made in December, 1896. We will look for and expect you. Thanking you for past favors, we are, respectfully,

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# BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

During the current century but few names have been more familiarly known in our county, before and since the organization, than the Cackleys. The ancestors of this relationship were Valentine Cackley, Senior, and his wife, Mary Frye, from the lower Valley not far from Winchester at Capon Springs. These persons located at Mill Point about 1778. These worthy people were of German descent. The original name was Keekly, and came to be spelled Cackley by the way it was pronounced. Their sons were Levi, William, Joseph, Valentine, Jr., Benjamin, and Jacob, and their daughters were Alice, Mary (Polly), Anne, and Rebecca,—six sons and four daughters.

Alice, the eldest daughter, became the wife of the late Samuel M. Gay, who resided on the farm now held by the heirs of the late George Gibson, on the Greenbrier above Marlinton two miles. Mr Gibson was her grandson. But two of her children survive: Joseph C. Gay, Esq., and Mrs William Gibson, on Elk. The older children of the late Jacob Waugh, of Stony Creek, and the children of Robert Gay, late of Beaver Creek, are her grand-children. Mrs Gay was a very estimable person, and the story of her life would make thrilling reading.

Mary (Polly) Cackley was married to Willette Perkins, and went West.

Anne Cackley became the wife of the late Thomas Hill, Esq., near Hillsboro. Richard Hill of Hillsboro, and George Hill, of Falling Spring, Greenbrier County, are her sons. Mrs Josiah Callison, near Locust, is her daughter.

Rebecca Cackley was married to John Ewing. Her family went to Ohio. She was the mother of eleven sons. The youngest was named Eleyen Ewing. It is believed the famous Tom Ewing, statesman and orator, and as such was the pride of Ohio in his time, was of this family.

Levi Cackley married Nancy Bradshaw, daughter of John Bradshaw, the founder of Huntersville, and settled on Stamping Creek, where some of his worthy descendants yet reside. Jacob, Levi, and William were the names of his sons. The Rev A. M. Cackley, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference, is a grandson of Levi Cackley, Sr.

Hon William Cackley, son of Joseph the pioneer, married Jennie Gay, daughter of Robert Gay, Esq., near Marlinton, and first settled on the property now owned by Colonel J. W. Ruckman, at Marvin, and also operated a store at Mill Point. Having sold his farm to the late D. L. Ruckman, Mr Cackley moved his family to a farm on Cumming's Creek, near Huntersville, where he resided for many years, farming and merchandising and in public office. A singular occurrence was connected with this removal to Huntersville. Mrs Cackley had become tired of her flock of pigeons, and tried to leave them back, but to her surprise the pigeons were on the oak-tree near the dwelling at daylight the next morning. Mr and Mrs William Cackley were the parents of five sons and four daughters. The sons were Robert, Claiborne, Frye, Davis, and John. The daughters were Mary, Leah, Hannah, Ann, and Sarah Jane. Mary became the wife of J. J. Clark merchant from Staunton, Virginia. Leah became Mrs John Hogsett, and lived on Elk, West Virginia. Hannah was married to William Floyd, and lived at Sutton, Braxton County, West Virginia. Frye Cackley married Miss Loury.

William Cackley, Esq., was a Captain in the war of 1812. His kindness to his company endeared himself to the soldiers and their friends and gave him great popularity. He was a Jacksonian Democrat, went several terms to the Legislature, was sheriff of the county. Late in life Captain Cackley moved to Illinois, where most of his surviving posterity now reside.

Valentine Cackley, Junior, another son of the pioneer, was married to Miss Mary Moore, from

Eastern Virginia. Their daughter Caroline was the first wife of Harper McLaughlin, recently of Marlinton; and their son, William H. Cackley, once a prominent citizen of Pocahontas, now a merchant in Ronceverte, Greenbrier County. Valentine Cackley took the census for Pocahontas County in 1840. He had the lower mill erected at Mill Point. Joseph Cackley, Jr., owned the upper mill, and after selling out to the late Sampson Mathews, Esq., he migrated to Ohio; married and settled there.

Benjamin Cackley staid awhile on his share of the homestead, now known as the Lee Place, and sold out to his brother Joseph and went to Jackson County, Ohio.

The youngest son of Valentine, pioneer of Mill Point, was named Jacob. He seemed to have been excessively fond of athletic sports,—running, wrestling, and pitching quoits. One of the most popular diversions of that time seems a singular one to us. It was to see who could throw a pumpkin the highest and catch it while falling. Another diversion was skipping flat stones over the water. One day while thus amusing himself, with several others, on the mill-race, Jacob suddenly collapsed and was carried into the house. He had overexerted himself by an under-handed throw, and received internal injuries, and died from the effects a most excruciating death. As a final resort quick-silver was given him, the effects of which were agonizing in the extreme. Dr. Althair was the attending physician.

Valentine Cackley, the pioneer, accumulated an immense landed estate. His home was about the location occupied by Isaac McNeel's elegant residence. It seems at one time to have been within the limits of the fort. The fort was about where the garden is. Persons yet living have seen relics picked up by parties working in the garden. He encouraged and promoted useful industries. A first-class mill, for the time, was built, a tannery projected, a tilt-hammer started, and a store carried on. While the venerable pioneer could overlook a wide prospect from his home, and while he was not quite the "Lord of all his eye could survey," yet he could lay claim to a goodly portion of what was in sight east, north, and west of Mill Point. The name of such a person is worthy of remembrance, for he left a very important and influential part of our county much better off than it was when he settled therein.

Whatever pleasure our readers may have derived from this sketch their thanks are mainly due Mrs Mary McClintic and Capt. James McNeil for their personal reminiscences so kindly communicated in response to the compiler's inquiries.

W. T. P.

## POPULAR FALLACIES.

The American humorist has educated the people generally into the belief that certain indispensable members of society are possessed of qualities which detract from their use and beauty. Take, for instance, the time-honored joke about the mule. We are brought to regard that valuable animal with suspicion, and after a long and intimate business connexion with these intelligent and docile animals we cannot be rid of our fears, for some unqualified slanderer will tell you that the mule will treat you well for twenty years waiting an opportunity to strike you a fell blow. The negro's love for water-melons has been magnified and improved upon until any humorist who can ring further changes is applauded to the echo.

The mother-in-law, without whom the world could not go round, is vilified, and most unjustly. Think of the fate of the high-spirited, sensitive woman, totally unable to avoid the state of being a mother-in-law, because of the hasty action of her daughter. The Irish mug, we see depicted, has broken its way to the highest pinnacles in the land; and this "hayseed," or farmer, represents the bone and sinew of the nation,

The same power has made us believe that the Pullman porter was the best paid man in America, but this impression is dispelled by the recent request of that body of men to their patron saint, George Pullman, for a raise in wages. While they are surrounded by elegance more regal than that kings ever dreamed of before the opening of this century, they manfully request that they be paid enough to dress in suitable uniforms and to support their families. It seems strange that the inmate of a gorgeous Pullman-car should be looking forward to leaving it for some mean apartment where live his wife and children in strict economy. Whether Mr Pullman will respond it is impossible to say, for the request, tho unanimous, is uttered gently, for the autocrat of the sleepers does not want to lose his job. Their poverty is no doubt real, tho many wealthy people never saw such evidences of wealth as they have daily for their surroundings.

## THE NEW NEGRO.

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# BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

During the current century but few names have been more familiarly known in our county, before and since the organization, than the Cackleys. The ancestors of this relationship were Valentine Cackley, Senior, and his wife, Mary Frye, from the lower Valley not far from Winchester at Capon Springs. These persons located at Mill Point about 1778. These worthy people were of German descent. The original name was Keekly, and came to be spelled Cackley by the way it was pronounced. Their sons were Levi, William, Joseph, Valentine, Jr., Benjamin, and Jacob, and their daughters were Alice, Mary (Polly), Anne, and Rebecca,—six sons and four daughters.

Alice, the eldest daughter, became the wife of the late Samuel M. Gay, who resided on the farm now held by the heirs of the late George Gibson, on the Greenbrier above Marlinton two miles. Mr Gibson was her grandson. But two of her children survive: Joseph C. Gay, Esq., and Mrs William Gibson, on Elk. The older children of the late Jacob Waugh, of Stony Creek, and the children of Robert Gay, late of Beaver Creek, are her grand-children. Mrs Gay was a very estimable person, and the story of her life would make thrilling reading.

Mary (Polly) Cackley was married to Willette Perkins, and went West.

Anne Cackley became the wife of the late Thomas Hill, Esq., near Hillsboro. Richard Hill of Hillsboro, and George Hill, of Falling Spring, Greenbrier County, are her sons. Mrs Josiah Callison, near Locust, is her daughter.

Rebecca Cackley was married to John Ewing. Her family went to Ohio. She was the mother of eleven sons. The youngest was named Eleyen Ewing. It is believed the famous Tom Ewing, statesman and orator, and as such was the pride of Ohio in his time, was of this family.

Levi Cackley married Nancy Bradshaw, daughter of John Bradshaw, the founder of Huntersville, and settled on Stamping Creek, where some of his worthy descendants yet reside. Jacob, Levi, and William were the names of his sons. The Rev A. M. Cackley, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference, is a grandson of Levi Cackley, Sr.

Hon William Cackley, son of Joseph the pioneer, married Jennie Gay, daughter of Robert Gay, Esq., near Marlinton, and first settled on the property now owned by Colonel J. W. Ruckman, at Marvin, and also operated a store at Mill Point. Having sold his farm to the late D. L. Ruckman, Mr Cackley moved his family to a farm on Cumming's Creek, near Huntersville, where he resided for many years, farming and merchandising and in public office. A singular occurrence was connected with this removal to Huntersville.

Mrs Cackley had become tired of her flock of pigeons, and tried to leave them back, but to her surprise the pigeons were on the oak-tree near the dwelling at daylight the next morning. Mr and Mrs William Cackley were the parents of five sons and four daughters. The sons were Robert, Claiborne, Frye, Davis, and John. The daughters were Mary, Leah, Hannah, Ann, and Sarah Jane. Mary became the wife of J. J. Clark merchant from Staunton, Virginia. Leah became Mrs John Hogsett, and lived on Elk, West Virginia. Hannah was married to William Floyd, and lived at Sutton, Braxton County, West Virginia. Frye Cackley married Miss Loury.

William Cackley, Esq., was a Captain in the war of 1812. His kindness to his company endeared himself to the soldiers and their friends and gave him great popularity. He was a Jacksonian Democrat, went several terms to the Legislature, was sheriff of the county. Late in life Captain Cackley moved to Illinois, where most of his surviving posterity now reside. Valentine Cackley, Junior, another son of the pioneer, was married to Miss Mary Moore, from

Eastern Virginia. Their daughter Caroline was the first wife of Harper McLaughlin, recently of Marlinton; and their son, William H. Cackley, once a prominent citizen of Pocahontas, now a merchant in Ronceverte, Greenbrier County. Valentine Cackley took the census for Pocahontas County in 1840. He had the lower mill erected at Mill Point. Joseph Cackley, Jr., owned the upper mill, and after selling out to the late Sampson Mathews, Esq., he migrated to Ohio; married and settled there.

Benjamin Cackley staid awhile on his share of the homestead, now known as the Lee Place, and sold out to his brother Joseph and went to Jackson County, Ohio.

The youngest son of Valentine, pioneer of Mill Point, was named Jacob. He seemed to have been excessively fond of athletic sports,—running, wrestling, and pitching quoits. One of the most popular diversions of that time seems a singular one to us. It was to see who could throw a pumpkin the highest and catch it while falling. Another diversion was skipping flat stones over the water. One day while thus amusing himself, with several others, on the mill-race, Jacob suddenly collapsed and was carried into the house. He had overexerted himself by an under-handed throw, and received internal injuries, and died from the effects a most excruciating death. As a final resort quick-silver was given him, the effects of which were agonizing in the extreme. Dr. Althair was the attending physician.

Valentine Cackley, the pioneer, accumulated an immense landed estate. His home was about the location occupied by Isaac McNeel's elegant residence. It seems at one time to have been within the limits of the fort. The fort was about where the garden is. Persons yet living have seen relics picked up by parties working in the garden. He encouraged and promoted useful industries. A first-class mill, for the time, was built, a tannery projected, a tilt-hammer started, and a store carried on. While the venerable pioneer could overlook a wide prospect from his home, and while he was not quite the "Lord of all his eye could survey," yet he could lay claim to a goodly portion of what was in sight east, north, and west of Mill Point. The name of such a person is worthy of remembrance, for he left a very important and influential part of our county much better off than it was when he settled therein.

Whatever pleasure our readers may have derived from this sketch their thanks are mainly due Mrs Mary McClintic and Capt. James McNeil for their personal reminiscences so kindly communicated in response to the compiler's inquiries.

W. T. P.

## POPULAR FALLACIES.

The American humorist has educated the people generally into the belief that certain indispensable members of society are possessed of qualities which detract from their use and beauty. Take, for instance, the time-honored joke about the mule. We are brought to regard that valuable animal with suspicion, and after a long and intimate business connexion with these intelligent and docile animals we cannot be rid of our fears, for some unqualified slanderer will tell you that the mule will treat you well for twenty years waiting an opportunity to strike you a fell blow. The negro's love for water-melons has been magnified and improved upon until any humorist who can ring further changes is applauded to the echo.

The mother-in-law, without whom the world could not go round, is vilified, and most unjustly. Think of the fate of the high-spirited, sensitive woman, totally unable to avoid the state of being a mother-in-law, because of the hasty action of her daughter. The Irish mug, we see depicted, has broken its way to the highest pinnacles in the land; and this "hayseed," or farmer, represents the bone and sinew of the nation,

The same power has made us believe that the Pullman porter was the best paid man in America, but this impression is dispelled by the recent request of that body of men to their patron saint, George Pullman, for a raise in wages. While they are surrounded by elegance more regal than that kings ever dreamed of before the opening of this century, they manfully request that they be paid enough to dress in suitable uniforms and to support their families. It seems strange that the inmate of a gorgeous Pullman-car should be looking forward to leaving it for some mean apartment where live his wife and children in strict economy. Whether Mr Pullman will respond it is impossible to say, for the request, tho unanimous, is uttered gently, for the autocrat of the sleepers does not want to lose his job. Their poverty is no doubt real, tho many wealthy people never saw such evidences of wealth as they have daily for their surroundings.

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#### Beverly Court - House Burned.

The court-house at Beverly, the county seat of Randolph County, was burned to the ground last Thursday afternoon. The building was about the size and very similar to our own court-house, being finished in 1894. It was a much more expensive building, however, as it cost the county about \$40,000. With the furniture, the loss is about \$50,000.

The sheriff's papers were in his office at the time of the fire, and as he was out of town, none of them were saved. Among the papers destroyed for him were \$40,000 in vouchers, \$18,000 in school orders, and \$10,000 in road orders.

The cause of the fire will be readily understood by anyone who has examined the sanitary system of our own court-house. It was put in by Bennett & Peck, of Cincinnati, who furnished our building. The plan is to have the refuse and garbage of the water-closets burned up by the action of fire in a furnace put in for the purpose. This arrangement is in the basement. At Beverly the May term of the Circuit Court adjourned on the day before the fire, and the janitor proceeded to cleanse the building. He poured three or four gallons of coal-oil on the garbage, set it on fire, and left it. W. H. Wilson, the Circuit Clerk, discovered the blaze from his office in the first floor and gave the alarm. The building burned very rapidly, and as the town has no system of waterworks absolutely nothing could be done toward extinguishing the flames. There was no insurance whatever on the building or contents.

The building of the court-house in 1893-94 distressed the county of Randolph even more than the building of the court-house in this county, and they have a much heavier job before them now.

The example of Randolph's loss perfectly justifies the action of the County Court of this county carrying a \$20,000 insurance policy, which it has done from a time before the building was taken off the contractor's hands. It might also suggest the removal of the Bennett & Peck sanitary system in the basement, which has been very offensive during courts held in warm weather. While with ordinary care there is not the slightest danger of fire from the system; still it is, at times, the most filthy arrangement imaginable.

The reports received say that the records of the county extending over a hundred years were destroyed by the fire, tho the authentic newspaper accounts leave it in doubt as the accounts were written before the ruins had cooled sufficiently to admit of examination. Whether they were destroyed or not will be a question of great interest with us for our vaults are similar. The records of the largest and one of the oldest counties of the State are very important and their loss would entail a vast amount of work and trouble to restore.

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